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The late English P-----t's ELOGY.

Edax Tempus Rerum.

TIME no doubt, all Things wears out,
Time has wore out WE;
Time was not ſo, *Seven Years* ago,
When we were Young and Gay.

Time was then when on ſtrong Wine,
We let our Money fly,
Cringe, ſcrape and prate, at a ſtrange Rate,
To them we did apply.

With Cap in Hand, we then did ſtand,
To make our Compliment,
By Eloquent Force, we did Engroſs,
The Weak and Innocent.

The *Burgher's* Spouſe, we did Carouſe,
Our Honour for to gain:
Their Lanthorn Jaws, and ſmoky Noſe,
We fed with beſt of *Spain*.

We told them too, what we would do,
And what we were about;
Their Subſtance lend, and Money ſpend,
To thoſe that lays it out

In F------ Ware, both Nice and Rare,
If once it comes aſhore,
The S------ will ſpring, God Save the King
We never ſhall need more.

By our good Friends, we gain our Ends,
Our Gold in Place did take,
And to compleat, our Parts and Wit,
We Uſe of it did make.

But now alas! the Time is paſt,
We lately did enjoy:
We do Concert, we ne'er ſhall meet,
Our ſelves to amplify.

Tho' hard we ſtrive, for to Survive,
And a New Birth to gain;
Our Members fail, our Looks wax pale,
And therefore all in Vain.

But let's endure, ſome deſperate Cure,
Our Spirits for to raiſe;
We'll ſpake brave Things, of *Beſt of Kings*,
And all to merit Praiſe.

If this will not do, we'll bid Adieu,
Since Time will be no more:
For to Debate, Matters of State,
We find the Time is o'er.

Our Time thus ſpent, we do lament,
Our parting from this Place:
Though moſt Rejoyce, and make a Noiſe,
To ſee us in Diſgrace.

In every Croud, they ſhout aloud,
Down with the R---p they ſay,
That none of the Breed, may not ſucceed,
For ever and for ay.

Our Thoughts thus croſs'd, our Honour loſt,
We never ſhall regain,
The People all, aloud do bawl,
And cry out *Amen, Amen.*